



Besides hating hockey, Marie spends her time as a top-flight model, singer and dancer. And all of this talent is neatly packaged into 5'4" of 37-23-36!





In short, Canada offers you a simple passport the least first nation seeking the development for the preservation of your life. There is no money being spent on the way, but it is not in the least bit more expensive than the other countries of the world.

It is a loose Cornish writing, 15th-century, in a single scribe's hand, the record of a visit to the lake by a Cornish lord. The date is not known, but it is probably about 1450. The text is in the Cornish language, and is written in a script which is now almost entirely unknown. The text is written in a single scribe's hand, and is a record of a visit to the lake by a Cornish lord. The text is in the Cornish language, and is written in a script which is now almost entirely unknown. The text is written in a single scribe's hand, and is a record of a visit to the lake by a Cornish lord.

[illegible]

Notes to Students
Students always and frequently struggle with the concepts of unit vectors, particularly complex and I believe of routine nature.

[illegible]

FILMS
DEVELOPED
3 DAY
SERVICE

Developed
for your
camera



Copyright

"Gee, I'm sorry, but it looks like you were overexposed."

MAN ALIVE



"That's never gone where I've been."

medicine man



VACATIONS... ...hvacies simple tricks that may let you take a vacation anywhere—anytime—without getting yourself killed or injured. At any rate, the chances of an accident will be greatly reduced. The trick is simply this: Don't think of your vacation as starting where you arrive at your destination, but rather as starting the moment you leave your house. It's being in a hurry to get to the place "where your vacation supposedly begins" that causes most vacation highway accidents. Trying to cover too many miles in one day results in fatigue

and You'll be surprised how much foot fatigue can be removed in this way, even after breaking the teeth thoroughly. If dental care is unobtainable, a clean shoe rubber band is a good substitute.

CARBONATED WATER... ...discomfort caused by an acid stomach can be relieved by taking carbonated water. This does not diminish the rate of acid secretion, but it does help in emptying the stomach faster, thus reducing the total amount of acid the stomach contains.

SHAKING MANNERS... ...among the most frightening consequences of long-protracted consumption of alcohol is the condition called delirium tremens. Delirium tremens and a run after drinking has created the danger point. Symptoms come on quickly over a period of two or three days, usually during or immediately after a heavy binge. At first, sleep becomes broken, appetite is lost, and intolerable deliriousness develops.

Moderation or total abstinence are the only cures. Control the bottle or it controls you.

GOING TO BED... ...Don't make a fine thing out of it. Everything must be "just so," bed linen wrung-out, ear plugs inserted, slippers to stay tight and so. You're meant to leave to enjoy a good night's sleep. Those who fall asleep as soon as their head hits the pillow, rarely think of such precautions. They are relaxed and could sleep anywhere. If you're suffering from insomnia, the only real way to cure it is to eliminate the causes of nervousness and tension.

WONDER DRUGS... ...Every one ought to know that the new modern synthetic drugs are often potentially dangerous because they act by weakening some important chemical reaction in the body, or they imitate the action of certain nerves. Always discuss the use of these new drugs with your doctor before testing yourself.

FEVERS CAN BE FRIENDLY... ...When you have a fever, do not be in a hurry to take medicines or give standard rules to follow. It is a natural way of fighting off forces to get rid of an invasion of germs or viruses. When there is a fever the body is able to speed up the manufacture of antibodies



sometimes instead begins to fall away at the wheel. When good judgment is gone, the reflexes dangerously slow. The faster you go, the less chance you have of surviving a crash. Drive every hour get out of the car and stretch. This will keep you refreshed and better equipped to avoid mishaps.

CLEAN TEETH... ...the next time you go to the drug store get yourself a package of dental floss. Use mastic how often or how thoroughly you brush your teeth, the flossing of the toothbrush rarely are able to penetrate between all the teeth. Perhaps it food trapped there causes bacterial decomposition, and that's where most cavities form. Dental floss quickly and completely removes this life of food, thus helping prevent tooth



Frightening dreams occur, and often wake the victim from sleep. Fever and convulsions resulting are common. The "DTs" is nothing to joke about. The effect on the victim as well as on those who live with him is little short of tragic.



to fight the unwanted invasion. The best result is often something the victim can't stand. Fevers also give doctors a chance to recognize their diagnosis because of characteristic temperature patterns. ■

Never Look SHORT Again!
*Now You Can Be **TALLER** Instantly!*

[illegible]

Fig. 2 (left) to (right) shows by means of an always 140 cm long tape in 10 times the circumference. One has left out of course the end and start language of wheel height. The latter term is always 100 cm (100 cm) long, taken as a whole, and is in great demand at practice and theory. Using tapes in a year per time will come from the 100 cm — a tape to measure and measure. It is to be used and used for more information and per unit. It is to be used, then, in a way that is to be used, and the

It is well known that making a better application helps you find the best jobs and increases the chance of being hired. But how can you make your application stand out from the crowd? The answer is simple: by making it a better application. Here are some tips to help you make a better application:

[illegible]

Free 18 Day Trial

100

Send name and address (For postage we deliver only 10¢ per copy) plus cash or **CHECK** \$10.00 to: **CRUISE FROM ON** and only \$1.00 will make and pay 20000. This means a million's more for 10¢ per **TRIAL** **WEEK** **SATISF** **OR** **REFUND** **ALL** **NO** **POSTAGE**.

THE LITTON CO., Dept. 1000, New York 100, Chicago 36, S.W.C. 10



For a complete overview, contact us with the following information: your name, address and telephone number. We will call you back and inform you about the possibilities. We will also send you a brochure.

WALK IN COMFORT

1. SHOCK ABSORBER
In the heel of the shoe.
2. CUSHIONING
In the heel of the shoe.
3. BREATHABLE
In the heel of the shoe.
4. SOFT SOLE
In the heel of the shoe.

2 - 1011 10 DAY TRAIL COMPANY - - - - -

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

[illegible]

☐ **State** ☐ **City** ☐ **Country** ☐ **Zip**
☐ **State** ☐ **City** ☐ **Country** ☐ **Zip**

© 2006 The Authors
Journal compilation © 2006 Blackwell Publishing Ltd

[illegible]

100

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

GIVE A DAME A GUN AND SHE'S A KILLER!

by ROY MARVIN

Dance in equatorial Africa, the forest of Delomay was dark. And hot. A moon, steaming hot, that was above with the dense and late of thousands of mosquitoes. As the combat ended of the French Foreign Legion slipped its weary way through the dark, unlit road, they hardly bothered to stop the stinging insects away. For they had a greater concern to worry about—namely they had heard the rolling drums of the King of Delomay. As the drums thundered and beat through the field out, sending a message from tribe to tribe that told of the Black King's anger at the invasion of the white French forces, the Legionnaires hardly knew whether they would have to face pale warriors or the blood-thirsty demonic hordes of Delomay.

Some of them hardly cared, for they knew that if the dark-skinned women did not get them, the pale boys and men would be killed by the mosquitoes. And still the drums went on, beating. Continued on next page



The she-devils of Dahomey defended their ancient land against
any and all who were foolish enough to try to take it away
from them — and that included the famous French Foreign Legion!



these persons (besides the great police master the Legationnaire thought of Paris and some maybe a few even thought of Louis Napoleon), Napoleon the Third, whose hat he the gold and ivory of Delahanty had sent them into these menacing dark countries.

To the African natives, Napoleon III was a European-looking white man with a polished beard, a friendly stranger who had said to his soldiers, white officers, from the desert lands in the North to the people of Delahanty. They meant to take the various prisons and the cities and the copper and silver! They meant to drive the people of the towns from their homes. All were gathered to fight the white savans. They said who killed would have the work of the King.

In the city of Fatic, a few thousand miles to the North and his European police further removed from the White Age, a well-known man, with only a lamp above of just where Delahanty was, might have stated the same differently. Louis Napoleon had barely stated a claim to the rich Congo basin after having agents of the suffering part of the British-American empire, Henry M. Stanley. All the world believed, eagerly to Stanley's reports of a vast land filled with rubber trees, ivory and diamonds! King Leopold of Belgium had sent a mission to ride the Congo valley. Stanley had merely pushed a stick of the safe iron road near the mouth of the mighty Congo. He had followed to see the simple King of Delahanty what he thought about such matters.

Delahanty was an interesting study of the slave-trade since before the time of Christ slaves from Europe had found the weathering Gulf of Guinea a happy lot improved. First, the Portuguese, the learned French missionaries and traders of the Mediterranean had established trading posts along the Delahanty coast. Later on, British, Spanish, Portuguese and Spanish slaves had reached the coast for "Black Ivory" to sell to the slave markets of Europe.

It was the Portuguese who thought of utilizing the help of local African. With Ben and Enke warriors guiding them they secured the vital streams of the Coast for colonies, to take the native slave hunters and developed their European business. From the slaves were able to find another market along the Congo Coast and purchase their slaves.

The slave-trading ships got off to the unknown side of their African slaves. As the Atlantic colonies started looking for the service of the chiefs in order to reach their plantations in Virginia and the Carolina, the competition became better.

Soon there were relatively few slaves sent along the Coast. The slave-trading chiefs had only one other source

of supply. They started selling each other it was somewhat like the gray-hair dog and the silver set of Eugene Plant. They were selling each other.

Then a sea-trading slave took the chief of the Delahanty coast and made a deal. He would furnish the chief of Delahanty with a new gunboat. In exchange for these slaves from the interior he would trade the chief something better than the cheap iron and copper were the other slaves offered. He would furnish him with something that was not only valuable, but that would not make his job easier. That night he introduced six slaves of value and the Kingdom of Delahanty was lost.

Again with transatlantic trade the Delahanty not only sold all these native competitors into slavery. They managed to give the master of the African continent, from the slave camps of Virginia were being furnished with strange natives or iron had overboard of value. Through from Lake south, even the three Mass from the heart of Africa were being sold to the slave docks of Charleston and New Orleans.

The native trade, with these little slave camps and groups, could stand up to the white line of the Delahanty. The all-royal King of Delahanty wasn't content to rest on his position as the richest and most powerful chief in Africa.

His slaves commanded a better price than his slaves. It was a plantation needed a few girls for house servants. But the plantations needed all the best hands they could get. The King of Delahanty wanted to see his position. Every one of his soldiers was worth his weight in trade goods. He had acquired weapons. Suddenly the situation all had. Why not use weapons in the army?

A woman arrived with a note was more than a match for the Niger river with a spear. And she wasn't worth as much to the slaves. With his arms to launch the King of Delahanty suddenly found a reputation of darky. The idea worked as well as he had expected. The girls just seemed to take to soldiering in though they'd been born with a foot in the other hand.

Each African was used a cheaply made but deadly trade rifle. These were cheap Indian society manufactured in Belgium. The trade was an unexpected side of trade steel. It was found to be valuable and its value length was wrapped with brass wire to keep it from splitting under the expanding pressure of the elongated heads of black powder the Delahanty preferred. The ammunition might be one or two hundred copper of lead balls or the small diameter "boiling stick." This "stick" was a three-foot piece of wood with a length of steel copper wire wrapped the first six inches and hammered to a

sharp point. The charge was contained inside with an improved arrangement and the stick was fired out of the mouth. It would stop in a instant and it often did. The Delahanty spent a profitable side line in ivory.

By the time of the late Delahanty King, M'Kappa II, the slave trade had died down. The British continued slavery in the 1800's and the recently fought War Between the States had dealt it a final blow. But M'Kappa's post-war was still a good business. 7,000,000 African natives from their homes and sold their life savings. He estimates is even possible of the number who were killed. But only were three countries on the trading shore. In accordance with common belief, slaves, all of the spot and slaves were then on the spot. Thousands died in the trading yards to the Coast under the guns of the Delahanty Amateurs. Many more were shipped off-shore when the slaves refused to buy them for one selling season or another.

The cross of traffic in human misery had left the Delahanty with European trade was still a profitable project. The stocks of M'Kappa's final, a certain measure usually put together with two hundred, were made of solid ivory brought in by the various women.

Gold and rough diamonds abounded in the streams of the rivers. The Delahanty used the trade in both heavily. Thus he was able to keep his army of Amateurs well-supplied with guns and powder. From his headquarters near the mouth of the Congo, the King of Delahanty ruled a mighty empire larger than that of the French Emperor Napoleon III.

The last French officials who informed the Majesty M'Kappa that his kingdom was now a French colony were captured. The second group who challenged the King's authority were executed and their heads adorned the gate-posts of the Royal Palace. Clearly through Louis Napoleon, with courtesy would send to Accordingly, in 1848 "La Legion d'Honneur" was designated to the Congo Coast to show the Delahanty who was king.

It was a small French Frigate, under Louis Napoleon, was in busy company. Usually in a commercial harbor on the coast. There was the highest reputation to Mexico where Louis' troops, the Emperor Maximilian, was having trouble with a Mexican political party named Benito Juarez. The Legion was fighting its way through was with the Algonquins in North Africa. And a man named Maximilian was getting ready to spend Louis to and by sending the Frigate away from beyond the Blue Sea. Fatic.

One day a regiment of French Foreign Legionnaires was all armaments. France could spare. It wasn't enough.

The first patrol penetrated only a few miles in from the weathering coast before it ran into the warm waters of

Dahomey!

In a clearing by the muddy banks of the Moukoko, the bearded Aloumas stood as if on parade and waited. They wore no covering head of traditional woolly gorilla's hair. In years to come other African nations would learn to shave the white mass from skulls. But not the Dahomey women.

In full battlearray they stood as lines on the edge of the huge clearing. The men glowered on their arched bodies and gleaming copper ornaments. Officers wore the tail of a leopard, wrapped around their naked waists. The others stood motionless except for their orange necklaces and anklets of copper. Over the years a standard of physical strength had been reached. Most of the girls stood as fast as men and were lean and hard from rigorous training. Their heads were often shaven in a crescent-shaped, hollowed-out band of money fat or ivory beads. Each was armed with a rifle, an elephant-bale shield, and a long machete-like fighting knife the decorated "tongue".

As the morning passed warily they saw the open space before the river the women shied their ground. The Legionnaires found out and fired at a skunkish line. With their spears they marched forward. They could hardly believe their eyes. Before their eyes, they'd been looking on the Dahomey women of course. First it seemed weird to them to be observing so naked women with only one.

Opening her beautiful wide eyes the French troops came on. The Dahomey women didn't show their amazement. Their leader looked on calmly. Without changing their nearest positions, the order for the Dahomey women was lost. The line of Aloumas settled their gaze against their shields and fired pointblank at the French.

There was a deafening volley. A score of suppressed rifles. Two (near) "bloody" shots, rolled upon the clearing. Most of them were obviously wounded. But they lived on. A massive number of them. Enough to face the French command with fury.

Every foot that was hit went down. The heavy muskets had tremendous shocking power! The incoming troops, less than two-thirds of the original force, fired wildly and blindly into the heavily dazed of those who could not be killed. For a few moments the battlefield was broken under a dense fog of powder. Then, changing wildly through the smoke, and across by the hundreds, the Dahomey women came running.

Formerly the Legionnaires pumped lead into the naked brown bodies of the savages. There was no stopping them. On they came like a wall of vengeance. The only men who lived to tell the tale of that battle day were few of the women who each who turned tail and ran

like hell. The others were not there in the last man.

A stronger French force set out the following week to smother them. All they found along the trail were the carved-up and inflamed bodies of their comrades hanging by the limbs. Every man had been decapitated and mutilated. The situation had been used to tie up the bodies.

In vain the idea of the last expedition force searched for the Dahomey headquarters. Finally the men and came out in and laid the people out as impossible questions. The French command decided to call off the company of Dahomey for another year.

But next year's expedition never came off. The French had more than enough trouble to keep the Legion busy elsewhere. The Aloumas had caused so much of their southern border and ordered the French out of their neighbor, Sierra Leone. Napoleon pulled back the troops from the western hemisphere. The Moukoko under Joffre then shot Moukoko and captured the "Lion" dream of a French Empire in the Americas.

The Aloumas and Lifu continued to fight and almost drove the French out of the west Sahara. Then, before poor Louis Napoleon could get out for another try at Dahomey he made the mistake of invading us in France. It took the French nearly two months to beat the French. Napoleon decided a humiliating peace and the French people decided they had had about enough of the Bonaparte family. The movement against by their taking up the Third Republic made them larger about Dahomey for a while. Then, in 1893, the Belgian ruler in the Congo Basin was recognized by Great Britain and other powers. Finally the French prepared to grab whatever was left along the coast. Old maps were dug out and studied. Again, the Legion prepared to get Dahomey the land of promise.

Among the cultural aspects to the west part of Africa, the French introduced the Lulu. It was a full-size 10-12 regular tripod after the German. Almost the French had ample cause to remember. For the time, it was a good weapon. Some in fact, were even used in the last World War. Nobody worried much about the Lulu's power of the Dahomey women. Even if they were true, one volley of rapid fire from the new Lulu would make short work of them. They couldn't have been more wrong.

Again the war drums rolled and lead in the fighting continued. But now as the Legionnaires stopped along the muddy trails. The time they knew where they were going. French and Belgian weapons had stopped the Aloumas. Instead of the war of their lives. The French believed this time was the very stocks of the royal village.

FOR FOUR DAYS the French marched in from the Coast to the native talking drums raised their army across in silence. On the fifth day the French came to a deserted village. At least they thought it was deserted. The only Dahomey had in the advance wrote slip through supposed as they could although the men here.

The time a mixed group of warriors, women, and male children from the large indigenous reached the frontier. At the indifference of Legionnaires walked out into the open the Dahomey fled from the edge of the people and stopped. The French fell into a defensive position in the village square. Marked by their people had into the surrounding forest. Naked men and women swarmed as French bullets were not born through their arched bodies. The women walked in the village day and died like him as the desperate Legionnaires fired their smoking Lulus until the French were too hot to touch. And still the Dahomey charged!

The incoming women came had to jump high in the air to clear the rain line of ropes piled around the French position. As they leapt wildly against the sky, their dark bodies made all-murky targets. The incoming French had forgotten all about their art by now. It was either about them else because their burning breasts in the night a pump embedded in your skull. The bloody ring of copper beads grew dim as two women made it as far as the French position. One broke cracked recklessly into screaming women's faces. Crying Legionnaires drove cold steel into the waist-belted female flesh. No mercy was asked or given as the French Prince Legue reached the Dahomey mouth.

At last the host created and broke. The warrior women fell back and the clearing was still left for the attack of the drop. The Legionnaires stood at each other in some hours. The ropes had come on a moment before. Right now had had less than three months of experience left.

Not stopping to hear they died, the Legion soldiers fell back. Their war cry partly was never heard from again. Fortunately for those that later were found grinding over the gateposts of the palace were them. The soldiers of war hadn't had any idea but many of them had European war.

The almost five years the struggle by the Congo Coast continued. There was one pitched battle after another along the jungle trails. The conduct of the war had become a national disgrace. The Legion's reputation was under fire. If they couldn't handle a mere handful of naked savages, female warriors at that, appeared the French command. What good was the Legion?

Then the French imported another method improvement. It was a device the British had found very effective in India. It was called the Gatling gun.

[Continued on page 477]

SEX-HUNGRY WOMEN--WHERE TO FIND THEM!

REAL MEN

**HE BET HIS BABE
IN A POKER
GAME--- *AND
LOST!***

AN AVERAGE YOUNG WIFE SAYS:

**"I WENT TO BED
WITH A LEZ--JUST
TO FIND OUT
WHAT IT'S LIKE!"**

**GIVE A DAME A
GUN AND SHE'S
A KILLER!**

**THE CURSE OF THE
JUNGLE TREASURE--
IT WAS REAL--BUT
SO WAS THE GOLD!**





Next time you're in the mood, try the waterfront. Don't have a boat? Nobody cares—least of all the swinging chicks!

SEX-HUNGRY WOMEN--WHERE TO FIND THEM!

by GENE CHANNING

THE MANAGER of the yacht club was fit to be tied. He'd had a hell of a day. Everything had gone wrong—just everything. The new club had just been repaired yesterday. The captain at the bar was looking about the main behind the minibar. He kept getting the drinks wrong. The charter business went up an inch over something unaccountable and was losing rats. It was the height of the season, but a third of the place stood empty. He heard the phone ringing, but was so wound up that it just didn't seem to ask who was calling.

"Hello," he snapped. "O'Carroll here."

"Quickly, let me speak to Miss Henderson, please—"

"Just a moment. I'll have to call her."

Please do.

The caller had a noticeably sweet voice like a woman who was used at the world, but the otherwise polite manager didn't notice. He went looking. He should've stuck his head in a pickle jar, according to all reports. Henderson was at the yacht club all right, but with the wrong woman. Not only was she the wrong woman, it seemed that the damn boat was going to Henderson's wife! The gal on the other end of the phone who did the calling heard a pain knock

VIDEO

"Mrs. Henderson speaking? Can I do something for

you—my husband is outgassed!"

"Is that so?" said the real Mrs. H.

"Why, yes," murmured the startled passenger. "Who at this?"

"Mrs. Henderson?" exclaimed the wife caller. "And as soon as I get there I'll fracture both your chestnuts, damn it!"

Whereupon she told Mrs. Henderson hang up and the snotty Mrs. Henderson got her so-called husband the hell out of the yacht club by the scruff of his little neck. The pair of float lovers just did close the dock and board their yacht where the wife drove up as a cloud of dust. The air resounded with friendly-type warnings. Mothers were raised. Kitchens were thrown. Threats of anywhere (at least) and everyone were heaped. And the poor, confused manager got caught squarely in the middle of the blast.

"You'll lose this guy, lawyer!" shouted the mother-in-law Henderson. "Don't you people think you're getting away with stuff like this?"

The matter is true. It happened a few seasons back at a well-known yacht club and was serious. They still talk about it, however, because it has happened several times since. To surviving managers: Water-front lovers—no underwear, trim in the bottom who hang around popular waterfront places—come in all responsible shapes and sizes. (Continued on page 59.)



A couple of drinks and most of these chicks are ready for anything you may have to put up—and not completely free.

THE CURSE OF THE JUNGLE TREASURE--IT WAS REAL-- BUT SO WAS THE GOLD!

For centuries it had lured men to a cruel and agonizing death.
Finding the gold's easy—living long enough to enjoy it isn't!

By MICHAEL DUCORPIS

ESTIGARRILLA IS nowhere. That's not really true. As a city in back country Paraguay it's really a nice enough place—if you enjoy being in back country Paraguay. It's a very convenient spot if you've got a particular pop for heading north into the jungle. It's a particularly delightful spot, if you've been in the jungle and are searching for an elegant, comfortable place to relax and recuperate. I could probably figure out a hundred good reasons why Estigarrilla is a wonderful spot, but I'll get back to the opening line. Estigarrilla is no place. And there I was in Estigarrilla.

What was I doing there? Well you might say that I was having less bit of trouble in Bolivia and since the cops were looking for me along both the Paraguayan and Chilean borders, I decided that maybe I ought to take a quiet, back seat out of the country. Somewhere I ended up—much to everyone's surprise in Paraguay. It seemed logical at the time. But it, in Estigarrilla, ended—at least they don't say they started. And so, now I had a couple of thousands of what the Bolivians claimed were discarded guns, I thought I'd see whether the people of Paraguay might. (Continued on page 50)





GREET THE DAWN

Dawn Leasing's the name and she's just come into New York from Atlanta, Georgia!







GREET THE DAWN



23-year-old Dawn is
5'8" tall and is a
perfect 36-22-36!





Ware was stacked and I knew Frankie was a lousy card player.

I took him up on his offer—only I'm not sure who really won!

HE BET HIS BABE IN A POKER GAME--- AND LOST!

by WILLIAM
PEARSON

As soon as I was discharged in Manila, the day end of World War II, I went into business with Charlie Flowers, one of the Philippine Scouts who had been attached to our outfit. Charlie had a million contacts and knew of a decent property we could get for a song. I had a little over eight thousand dollars I'd won playing poker in the four years between Pearl and the Jap surrender. That was the song and there was even something left over for flowers and a big enough stock of war goods to get us started. The property was right smack on the water front. There was a pretty loaded jet build my steady as it. We hired workmen, made our per-

Continued on next page



chance, put a sign over the door saying: "Philippine-American Bar & Grill," and those words later are worn in barroom.

Business was fine right from the very first day. But things between Charlie and me could have been a lot better. We'd gotten along great together in the barroom, but in business we rubbed each other the wrong way. The main problem was that Charlie put his heart and soul in the Philippine-American. I didn't. He spent all his time either behind the bar or standing around seeing that everything was going smoothly at the tables and booths. I put my head into the poker room in a while just so my partners could see I was still around, but I spent the major part of every day and night playing poker in the back room. It was the kind of work I needed the way another man needs food and drink.

"I can not watch everything at once," Charlie was in the habit of repeating to me. He was a little fellow; his height as a length of legs and very muscular. "Somebody must see that the barroom is not running from us. Somebody must stop them from lighting at the tables. Somebody must see that no one is using machines. We cannot afford to lose a machine and I cannot do it all by myself. Why are you always in the back room playing games instead of doing the work."

"Tell me better about it, tomorrow," Charlie. I promised him.

But that was a lie. I kept on playing poker and Charlie kept on getting more impatient and I had not enough money. I'd have to let him buy me out. But he didn't. So we were stuck with each other. He had realized the point where he was thinking about taking a poke at me, the night Frank came in with the big blonde. Frank was a black-haired, strong guy who usually wore a bow tie and a peaked jacket but, I'd seen him around before but never with the girl.

"You're Frank, aren't you?" he asked, stepping up to the bar where Charlie was giving me one of his lookings out. It was late then so he'd tell Charlie and the crowd was beginning to thin out.

I told him I was.

"I've got an idea for a game you might be interested in," he said. "Think of poker. Very unusual. Can we try it in the back?"

"Go by it staying out here and attending to business," Charlie shouted jumping between us. "There will be no more games where he should be working."

"Starting tomorrow," I answered him. "Everything looks under control here right now, anyway. I'd better go and check into this thing."

"We want only the best," said Frank, the girl and myself—it wouldn't have surprised me if Charlie had grabbed me over the head with a chair before I got there.

"You said that!" Frank announced when we were seated at the back and I'd closed the door.

"That's your second game!" I started. "It seems to me I've played it before."

"Not the way you haven't. You see I don't have any money," he said. "Not a cent."

"That's a game I don't play," I protested, starting to get up from the table. "It's against my religion."

"Lead me the money," he begged. "I'll see you the colored!"

"What?"

"The money is hundred and thirty one pounds," he explained. "Lead me two dollars on every pound of fat



What's wrong with that for a second deal?"

"What does she think about it?" I asked. "You are sitting on her lap and looking down over her at us in the other as we conducted the conversation. The moment to find it all highly embarrassing. Is she going to people around that way? You know what you're suggesting, don't you? If I had your the money and you see a I get you."

"You say we have all about it?" he said emphatically. "Is she, isn't it?"

"Just as long as Mr. Franchetti understands it," she moved calmly. "They were the first words I'd heard her say the was taking it so quietly, she could have been talking about your table."

"Understand what?" I said.

"That if you was her, she's really poor," Charlie said. He pointed at me, crossed her as he sat and suddenly there was a revolver pointing at me. The eyes looked wild. "No taking her out. You take her home. You find her—double her and see that she's comfortable. You take us



that responsibility?

"Pick up and down a minute, will you, Vase?" I asked.

She made back and forth across the room and then sat down on Fannie's lap again. She was tall and built in a sort of super smooth shape and curves. Things lifted into each other positively. She smiled at me patiently and waited for my answer. Concha looked jumpy.

"All right," I announced. "A hundred and thirty-two pounds at ten dollars a pound. That's thirteen hundred and ten dollars. I'll give it to you in chips."

I counted them out for her but she put the bank chips in front of myself and we started to play. It was a crime she gambled like a real woman. The specialty was trying to fill cards straight. But he didn't make it once. Who does? It took her a little over forty minutes to shoot through thirteen hundred plus dollars. When I was lousy that night, Vase went with me.

I was taking a little place for myself out around Road

Station. As soon as we from the Philippine-American he had a husband, a living room, a kitchen and a place. I told Vase all about it so we were driving out there in the jeep.

"There too," she said. She had no luggage except for a toothbrush. She smiled at me and looked around with great interest as we drove along. She seemed like a nice dame. When we reached the house she announced that she was hungry. I told her that there were some things in the ice box and she promptly took off to make herself a sandwich.

It seemed to be my best play was to let her make the moves. When I'd been under the sheet a couple of minutes she came in smiling what was left of the sandwich in her mouth.

"Tummy good," she smiled. "Can I get you something?" I said I was hungry.

The back of her dress down and a pair of panties. It left her with nothing on.

(Continued on page 42.)

WHIP HIM TO RIBBONS

by LUKE HALDERD

Geart was sick—an animal who got kicks only through the pain and torture of girls!



THE sky was dark, except for a smeared line of red just over the western horizon when Jon Sketched made his leap down across the mesa rim toward the floor of the valley. He was a tall, angular man wearing dusty slippers, boots, a gray shirt, a wagon jacket and a battered high-crowned hat. A steel-down pair of Peacemakers, holstered forward, rode his thighs. He had a brown-tanned, even-must looking face, dotted with two wary dark eyes. As the horse-placed leaper dove, the dusty slope the hardness of Sketched's face was relieved by a thin smile on his narrow lips.

As he rode he watched the wagon pulling into a circle for the night in the center of the valley floor. There were about a dozen Comanches drawn into the circle, with a red blaze of fire shooting up in the middle. From the height of the slope Sketched could see maybe a couple of dozen people around the campfire.

He looked back at the mesa rim and for a minute he thought he saw three Shoshonas, three valley-rab cutthroats, about a mile to the east. They had jumped him high in the mountains before dawn, drove at them, a small war party. He touched the four drying scalp hanging on his belt and the smile on his lips grew tighter. He cupped a hand around his mouth and shouted in the direction of the vague figures on the rim.

"Yellow-doves! Sons of bitch dogs!"

So they couldn't hear him. He reached the valley floor and started toward the wagon at an easy pace. They had taken his grub but he had left fear of them with their people muscles cut and the blood streaming down their sagging dark coats of furs. They had taken his pain, too, because it had been a case of out-biding them and he couldn't do it hanging the six months' reflection of pain. But he had taken four scalp. By God they would learn someday, maybe.

As he neared the wagon he untied the cook fire and the aroma of roasting meat. The dark hard sweat into his vision out of the gloomy shadows, and he caught sight of the hunkies, a big man, not over twenty-five or so,

Continued on next page

Geart brought the warlike look down, apparently on her soft back. Molly screamed but was too weak from loss of blood to get from her stomach.



Whip

with little girl's eyes that watched him cautiously out of a dark hole. The man appeared toward Scarlett, who raised up. The stout barter reached him with a snarl on his thick face. His hands, playing with the rules, were big as hams.

"Where on earth," the train pilgrim said, "the stout barter stand?"

Scarlett sat relaxed in his saddle. He didn't like the man's tone. "That's right. You planning to sit still?"

"That depends. What's your name and your business?"

"The name's Scarlett. My business is none of yours."

The big man jerked upright in his saddle. "You're pretty damn pretty, mister."

Scarlett's eyes were hooded still. "If you're speaking for a fight, mister, I've got me ready-made in my eye. If you give me two years against one of mine in a hundred yards, or we can do it with horses, tell me, and I'll take 'em." Scarlett's mouth curled in a smiling snarl. "How long things? You figure to meet with me some more?"

The other man looked down. Scarlett saw, though, that he had made trouble for himself. He wanted to laugh.

"Now, I'm not speaking for anything, pilgrim. As yet. Ride on in. Don't you'll give you, pray?"

"Where you bound for?"

"The Salt Lake."

"What the name of this city?"

"My pa." And the stout man wheeled his horse and drove it back toward the stout herd. Scarlett could see the man's eyes glancing blind from the horse to his foot and his hand on the stirrup. Growing lighter Scarlett rode toward the wagon and into the shade.

He dismounted. In the freight he could see half a dozen or so women working at the cooking pots, with a few kids haggard at their heels. The men stood in small groups, talking. In that the horse in a wagon lashed at of the conversation stopped. Scarlett turned, suddenly, on the far side of the circle, a face leaped out of him.

This was looking on the high seat of the wagon, her hands folded on her knees. She had wheat-yellow hair and distant dark eyes and she was staring at him, the light color of her dress pulled back against her full breasts. Scarlett's stomach growled and tightened. The thin smile worked his lips and he touched his hat with one hand. People saw

A couple of the women looked backward.

This wasn't a train made up of friendly families, then. And it was obvious that the girl on the wagon seat, wearing the short-sleeved pink cotton dress, wasn't exactly a member of respectable society as the younger women defined it.

Scarlett had no time to watch the women any more, because he saw a man coming toward him. The man was about forty-five, with a rocky face and wild, dark-brown eyes. He was dressed all in black. Scarlett saw a cold blackness laughing in his hair.

"Welcome, brother," the man said. "Scarlett, didn't like the word for light look in the man's eyes, but the man appeared to be smiling and powerful, tall as Scarlett himself, and heavy."

"You mean of this outfit?"

"Yes, Sam. There are my wagon and I've paid to feed them, to the Salt Lake. The children of God march through the wilderness."

Scarlett frowned. He gave his name.

"I'm called Abel Ogden. What's your business, brother?"

"What boy asked me the name. I told him I didn't concern him."

Scarlett's fingers went white as they gripped the whip bit. "Speak with a soft tongue, friend. The Lord talks in a loud voice."

"I wouldn't tell about that. I'm hungry for some grub and I don't figure to make out of here tonight. There's three thousand on my tail. I figure on finding the night."

"Showdown?" Ogden frowned.

"They won't bother you. There's only three of them."

Scarlett hesitated. "I've got to show him to make you welcome, according to the good book. But I don't say I care for the way you talk."

Scarlett was getting mad. "Well, keep out of my way, then, and you won't have to fight." He pointed toward the wagon.

"What a vehicle!" Ogden took Scarlett's arm. Scarlett looked down at the thick hand of the man as black, then up into his eyes.

"Take that hand off."

Ogden looked again. His neck muscled under the wagon. He eyes glared on the freight. He let go of Scarlett's arm. "A warning, brother. That woman over there?" Ogden waved his hand toward the girl on the wagon seat. "That's her, brother, of this world, a son of the devil. I didn't know what we were in for from St. As the girl to turn her back, and that's told up. But that's all, a warning."

"I got the point," Scarlett said. He moved something ugly and vile about his big ugly nose in black and he didn't know what it was.

"I hear on the road of the devil's place where I live them," Ogden said heavily.

"I'll keep that in mind, too," Scarlett walked away from him.

Scarlett stood with one massive hand gripping the whip bit of his whip. He looked his lips and looked at the girl on the wagon seat, who was staring blatantly back at him.

A woman by the fire offered Scarlett a plate of beans, hardtack and a tin cup of boiling coffee. He accepted it with thanks. The girl was still sitting on the wagon seat, watching him. He drank, deliberately, keeping his eyes on her. Over the rim of the coffee cup he saw her, thin one hand, slowly, and began to lean.

His stomach tightened again. A beam, relaxed feeling moved through his muscles there as he got down the coffee and walked toward her. She moved like stone in the freight and she watched him with wary animal eyes. He looked against the wagon seat and looked up.

"You wanted to see me?"

"You," the voice, soft and heavy, started a growing sensation on his spine. "What was he saying about me?" Ogden, I mean. I know he was talking about me."

"He said you were a tool of the devil, something like that." Scarlett gave his hat back a tug and smiled rapidly. "Look, the devil is tempting his sinners tonight, too."

But her hands were clasped together in a knot of white-knuckled hate. She stared over Scarlett's head. "The devil himself."

"You don't get along so well with the others. Get your friends here?"

She shook her head bitterly. "I can have a wagon, my money as good as dead. But do you think they'll let me have the cowboys? Oh, I tried, the first night, and God knows I tried. They all walked away. These women—they make me sick like in their skins."

Scarlett turned to look at the woman. Two women turned hastily back to the cooking pot. On the far side of the circle, Abel Ogden and his men were standing together, watching Scarlett. He turned his back on them.

"Scarlett, I'm not very popular either. My name's Scarlett."

Her eyes ran across his shoulders. "Scarlett, that's a good name. Well, kind of it. But you're the little black woman."

Scarlett touched his hat again. "Miss Hawthorn."

"You know what I got, don't you?" she said bitterly. "If you ever around me very long, you'll have trouble with God. That stop of his—" She shivered. "Then she met his eyes fully. "I got thrown out of St. As by the barter. I hated a man in the house where I worked. He was drunk and he tried to kill me. But I worked at a house, so I was my last and they ran me out. It's a pretty rough life, isn't it?"

"You've got to be on the good all the time," Scarlett said.

Molly Hawthorn gripped to the wagon. "You take home."

"Yes, Scarlett."

"He's Ray, you waited on him, George and her and Robert. And maybe not afraid to be seen with me."

"No, I take people for what they are, not what I want them to be. Come on." He reached his hand out.

"Where are we going?" She looked startled.

"Over there is the bus. Have you had anything to eat?"

"No, no."

"Come on," she insisted, her hand on her wrist. The flesh was warm and soft under her hand, fingers. Something there, she closed in the edge of the wagon seat and jumped, landing against him with a soft exclamation. Her breasts heaving against him. She caught herself on his arm.

"I could get along with you, Mr. Scarslet," she said.

"You wouldn't be so hard to take yourself?"

"Look, there's no sense your getting on trouble."

"I don't like that Count or his last-named son. Is Count some kind of politician?"

"No. They walked toward the fire. Shouting expressions appeared on the faces of the women, who gathered their children around them and turned away. Count had disappeared but the one was asked on the ground by one of the women watching them silently. "He's crazy, if you ask me. He's not a religious man. He just thinks hell were that whip of his word." She's a rich man."

Scarslet stopped at the deserted computer and poured her a cup of coffee from the pot. The deserted bottle heaving and bubbling and its steam rising through the cooking air. He looked her up.

"I can't ignore Count at all," he said.

She shrugged. The looks at me... like he wants me. But then he calls the other people that I'm a ghost child. Like I say I think he's crazy. That one of his, Daniel, is worse. Slipped as an in. I think he'd try to jump every woman in the name of it, wasn't he his father? The hold the rap in both his hands and drink. "And Count himself got drunk almost every night. He's and nervous in his wagon, until all hours. Always shouting about Delphynus. He was in the war, I guess."

"A few more," Scarslet said cynically.

Madly Rockwood looked at him. "Look, I don't pretend that I'm pure and holy. But Count... Count is sick. I don't know why. But I feel it at least I try to be honest."

She sat his eyes. "What, I enjoy, I enjoy."

"I imagine so," Scarslet said.

Now, Daniel, Count's son, had slunk back into cover under one of the wagons. He was pretending to sleep but Scarslet knew the body was not working him and Madly. Otherwise the shouting was directed Madly took her hand. "Thanks for

trying to help. I'll be all right once that fire's over. I... I'll better get back to my wagon."

Scarslet shrugged. "That real self," she walked close to him, her arm touching his, and he felt the warm white heat of his body. He handed her up into the wagon seat and she looked down, her breasts pushing light against the fabric of her dress.

"I... I want to say thanks again," Scarslet looked at her. "Thank's better says than saying it."

A laughing, half-remembered light burned in her eyes. "Yes, yes, you're right," Scarslet said, she looked him about. The fire sparkled through her fingers over his hand. She breathed hard. "I want a man again, Scarslet. I want a man."

"Where?" he said.

"Beyond my wagon, about five hundred yards, I think but I'm sure you're there in no time. You're strong, aren't you, Scarslet? You look strong."

He laughed softly, his eyes like of steel in his face. "Strong enough."

The hand moved in his eye.

She smiled and vanished into the wagon.

He turned slowly. Daniel Count was still lying prone in the darkness under a wagon on the other side of the circle. Scarslet's mouth tightened. He didn't like the whip of his arm, didn't like the hypocrisy of the people at the wagon table or the men looking to him as Alton Count's son. He knew Daniel Count had been watching them. He walked toward the wagon where the man was supposedly asleep.

As he turned the wagon he saw his lantern light on another shadow weaving back and forth inside the wagon. The shadow raised a bottle to his mouth. "He is drunk and wild," came the wild chant of Alton Count, "nervous and corrupt, and I am his son."

Scarslet drew his foot back and kicked Daniel Count hard in the side. The man's eyes came open and he tried to scramble to his feet. Scarslet stamped on his belly, then back on his chest. He dug down on his belt, took out his knife and put his palm against Count's neck.

"Now, time," he said strongly. "You'll go to sleep peacefully. I don't like to be watched."

Daniel Count glared at him, held with both. "By God I'm going to get you."

Scarslet laughed shortly, stood up and put his knife away. "Just remember what I said. I can do your eyes out and you'd feel very little of it. Keep it in mind."

He turned his back on Daniel Count and walked between the wagons, and into the darkness. He looked back once. Count's silhouette could no longer be seen beneath the wagon, but two shadows were moved behind the wagon canopy where Alton Count watched his drunken

Scarslet lay to tattering his leg with the stick. Then he took walking from his start, noted a smoke out at 2. He continued around the circle of wagons and walked down to the little creek on the other side. The camp was growing quiet, heavy as often he caught himself looking back at Daniel Count's wagon but there were no lights showing.

He hoped that Count and his son would stay trouble. Scarslet wished his forehead's body gently as he walked, fighting deep in the forest. The west had a lot of soft rain. The west and were there whose hands were working up inside their heads. Scarslet rode a low trail, but when he crossed back with one of the tallest trees — he a professional gun finger or whip-riding (scarslet) something more made him that made it a rich warm pleasure to feel the cool moisture of the rain land upon his the chapters and the fire dealers but the moon made the forest deeper where any rule was to not roughen over them who could not stand to spend them.

Reaching the creek, Scarslet hung his gun, took on a low tree branch, stepped and walked the dirt from his body. The sky was overcast, the moon hanging like a ghostly eye somewhere behind a misty bank of clouds. Night birds whirled and screamed in the sky.

Just as he slipped over his trousers with the water filling his skin in cold drops, he saw his come down the creek bank. He could hear his feet, heavy stepping. He checked every "Hello," he called.

She came toward him and he took her shoulders roughly. She partially opened the button of her dress and he could feel her breasts straining against his chest. Her hair covered her neck in little clashing spaces. She ran her fingers down his wet shoulders. With one hand he grabbed at the collar of the dress... and pushed. She stood there, the material hanging loosely around her waist. She checked her way of it and watched his eyes pass over her body. Her naked body.

"You are a man," she whispered. "He has me long..."

Her was rising from her position on his side, when something in his brain clicked warningly. She screamed, stretched out on the grass of the creek bank and Scarslet dove for his gun. A black giant of a shape appeared over him, and he saw Daniel Count, a large risk of rock in his hand. Scarslet withdrew on his feet. Count brought the rock down and Scarslet's knee bounced like a cannon. He glided forward on his feet and Daniel Count's hand ripped a steady wound in his chest.

Scarslet glared into his chest. Madly Rockwood's high, lambskin skirt. The pain-moment of a kinder



**An average young wife says:
“I WENT TO BED
WITH A LEZ--
JUST TO FIND OUT
WHAT IT’S LIKE!”**



I never thought I'd swing both ways until the week my husband had to go on a business trip!

by RABBIT DILL—

I HAD ALWAYS known that my cousin Lorraine was a female homosexual, but it had never really bothered me. If I thought anything about it, it was a sense of surprise that such a beautiful, intelligent, vivacious, charming and happy woman could live a life of apparent completeness without men. For myself it seemed impossible. Sexual relations were something I relished and without a man, physical pleasure seemed utterly inconceivable. Yet my cousin Lorraine was always friendly and fun to have around. She was a first-rate companion to talk to, and a good pal in every respect. I never discussed her personal habits with her and she never commented on mine. It was better that way.

Yet there were times when I wondered about it, perhaps after a particularly difficult argument with my husband, or on, for opposite extremes, after a magnificent love session when lying back, content and totally satisfied my mind kept teasing as I tried to imagine what she could know that was anything like what I had just experienced.

If I did ask, nine times out of ten, she'd merely grin and brush it off with some light-hearted comment. There was a barrier that neither of us could really break through.

But on this particular day there was something different. My husband was away on an extended business trip and for some reason or another my own feelings of sex need and frustration were almost surface men. I was in the type of mood that leads many women into ill-considered pickup affairs, anything that will give some relief to a most basic requirement. I was ready to explode and I guess Lorraine saw it written all over me.

"Bad huh?" she remarked.

"You wouldn't know," I answered crossly. "You've never had a man. How could you understand what it's like to be without one."

"Why don't you tell me, then," she said softly. I was feeling just bristly enough to want to hurt, so I let go, all out, in the plainest four letter words I knew. I surprised myself. I didn't know I could reveal my innermost thoughts and emotions so unashamedly. I held nothing back from her and when I'd finished I was practically sobbing.

Lorraine just looked at me for a few minutes, smiling almost sadly, nodding her head. "What makes you think I'm so different?" she finally asked. "Don't you

(Continued on page 41)



"Bad huh?" she said as I started taking off my clothes & little later on I found out she was pretty good herself!

LISTEN TO PARNELLI JONES: "ICS TRAINING WILL GET YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO GO FASTER, BETTER!"

"I know ECS courses. And I know the ones who take the courses—all kinds. My experience says that both the courses and the ones who finish courses."

I know JCS men on and off the job. I've met some in the pits, and some in offices, some fixing reactors and some building reactors.

There are some things you just know about an IC3 man. One is that he hasn't been sleeping through some class because somebody made it a requirement. He hasn't overheard some assistant like we picture somebody on

He ignored requests he wanted to know
And when you meet him, you understand a lot about
him without being told that he can do a job
like a cat. He's good at what he's doing. You know



He's got pride, discipline, and ambition, and wants to do something with his life.

There are two kinds of people

"And the courses are my kind of courses. They are right to the point—all lean, mean, and useful."

They're put together by experts. They've tried and tested.

^aChargers with the same first name were excluded.

And KCS gets a man all the personal attention of a high-gift instructor—probably more than he'd get

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ICI courses will put you where you want to go. They'll teach you to do a better job—the kind of job that makes real money. Take it from me, Pennell Jones—take it from ICI.

ICS International Correspondence Schools
Division of Intert

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd
Journal of Internal Medicine 247: 105–112

[illegible]

Leave your loved ones a
cash estate.....not a pile of
bills.....Up to \$2,000
policy to age 80.....\$1,000
policy to age 85.....

Moore Book Quarterly

[illegible]

50 WALLET SIZE \$1.99 PHOTOGRAPHS

1998

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

100

1000



Finally, in the late afternoon, the country opened out onto a half-moon-shaped plain. The jungle was soon darker than before, if that was possible. Then finally the natives stopped and announced that they had come as far as they were going to go. They prepared to make camp, cutting vines and brush grass and leaves to bring baskets from the trees in which to hang it. I asked the chief how much farther I could have gone.

"Hold up, pop!" I told him. "Let's not go overboard. First it's bad to light to them wandering around in the woods. We'll wait till morning."

Abstract

I walked slowly and deliberately keeping a line of direction as best I could. The heat, even with the humidity, was as bad as a dance. It got like no church at all. I was glad I'd taken plenty of water, though actually all I had to do was dig my toe into the ground to get a drink. The water coming up

I requested the site carefully
could not happen as had been reported
that the problem was going to

getting it just when I was to
begin, there was still a little
what I could carry. And it was
like some mighty powerful
hand to get enough strength to
Carrying back that rock would
impossible. Then I'd stepped
high at 11:45 a.m., who
carry a tin? I'd never put the
in here. And I decided the
would keep coming back and
they I had come down at this
one and that was it.

By registered, I'd doubled my annual take—more than doubled if you included my income. One day gross-profit margin 50,000. Not, too fast? I should do better.

I started heading down, away from the falls, searching for a new spot. I was certain that down below, along the peony edge there had to be some rich area. I found some useful stuff, but I finally found what I was looking for. The water was deep and a bit rocky but it was wet. I loaded my camera and started back.

I felt a wave of randoms wanted to get up, rise, get away from the danger in East as I knew that somewhere I was curious. What had killed him? There wasn't a sign of a paper or more. It is known had disappeared and even now even a grade-in would have broken the body and raised up the people cutting of lines. And there was something else too. Their lower in the wind, I suddenly caught a flash, maybe about it and

That something had killed him, I was puzzled. I started walking slowly, cautiously. By now I looked at the ground. Perhaps twenty yards farther, half hidden in the grass were more bones—and this time—two sets of teeth here, completely protruded. A few hundred yards beyond that I



English Edition

FIRST TIME IN AMERICA! EUROPE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL! "The Pictorial Guide To Sexual Intercourse"

BY HELEN STREIBER, SEXUAL EXPERTS - ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. FORDON

A Triumph In Sex Education Through Full Color Photography
Over 100 Full Color Full Page Photographs

The educational purpose of a color sex book is the union, together
against all sexual anatomical problems, with a beautiful look

A TRIUMPH IN SEX EDUCATION!

The Pictorial Guide is a revolutionary sexual manual which contains the most beautiful, most complete, most accurate and most up-to-date information on sexual anatomy, physiology, psychology, and the art of sexual intercourse. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science.

It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science.

It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science.

OVER 100 FULL-PAGE
FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS!

It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science.

It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science.

NOW! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SEX MANUAL EVER PUBLISHED!

It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science.

SEXUAL EXPERTISE CAN NOW BE YOURS!

It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science.

It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science.

INCREASE YOUR SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE!

It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science.

OUR GUARANTEE!

It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science. It is the only book of its kind which is both a masterpiece of art and a masterpiece of science.

OVER 100
FULL-PAGE FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS!
BONUS ZIP-CASED EDITION
200 PAGES — 9 1/2" x 7 1/2" — ONLY \$20.00. POSTPAID!
30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEED!

FAST RESPONSE, INC. DEPT. MS-001
1180 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

I hereby request that I receive the book at the

NAME

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP

CITY STATE ZIP



ADULT BOOKS

11/11/2011 11:11:11 AM

- **TRIO OF FOUR REMOVED** BOB
 (1) one partner got up and the other three
 (2) one partner got up and the other three
 • **TRIO OF THREE REMOVED** BOB
 (1) one partner got up and the other two
 (2) one partner got up and the other two
 • **TRIO OF THREE REMOVED** BOB
 (1) one partner got up and the other two
 (2) one partner got up and the other two
 • **TRIO OF THREE REMOVED** BOB
 (1) one partner got up and the other two
 (2) one partner got up and the other two
 • **TRIO OF THREE REMOVED** BOB
 (1) one partner got up and the other two
 (2) one partner got up and the other two

CUNNILINGUS AND FELLATIO

As one of Florida's most "hot" real estate markets, the Orlando area has long been a magnet for investors seeking to profit from the area's growth. The Orlando market is a hotbed of activity, with many investors looking to capitalize on the area's growth. The Orlando market is a hotbed of activity, with many investors looking to capitalize on the area's growth. The Orlando market is a hotbed of activity, with many investors looking to capitalize on the area's growth.

The Intimate Embrace

□ The Group of Companies will be a
limited liability company, the capital of which
shall be divided into shares. It is a company with
limited liability. The company will be a
company with limited liability.

FEMALE SEX
EXPERIENCES[illegible]

UNUSUAL FEMALE SEX PRACTICES

Non-impact of adverse fiscal news without
debt maturity
Philippon, F., & Wacziarg, R. (2009). *Journal of Monetary Economics*, 62(1), 1-20.
This paper shows that the impact of adverse fiscal news on the real economy is not significant when the government debt is not due to mature in the near future.

Revenue forecasts
Korhonen, J., & Tapanainen, J. (2009). *Journal of Public Economics*, 83(1), 1-15.
This paper examines the impact of revenue forecasts on the real economy. The results show that the impact of revenue forecasts on the real economy is not significant when the government debt is not due to mature in the near future.

Non-impact of Monetary Policy
Korhonen, J., & Tapanainen, J. (2009). *Journal of Public Economics*, 83(1), 1-15.
This paper examines the impact of monetary policy on the real economy. The results show that the impact of monetary policy on the real economy is not significant when the government debt is not due to mature in the near future.

The Eurozone
Korhonen, J., & Tapanainen, J. (2009). *Journal of Public Economics*, 83(1), 1-15.
This paper examines the impact of the Eurozone on the real economy. The results show that the impact of the Eurozone on the real economy is not significant when the government debt is not due to mature in the near future.

ACCOUNTING AND FINANCE

CRIMINAL JUSTICE TRAINING
 The Academy is a 12-week program that provides a comprehensive overview of the criminal justice system. The program is designed for individuals who are interested in pursuing a career in law enforcement, corrections, or the criminal justice system. The Academy covers a wide range of topics, including criminal law, criminal procedure, criminal justice system, and criminal justice careers. The program is designed to provide students with the knowledge and skills necessary to succeed in the criminal justice field.

060718Z

The first book-length study of postgraduate education in Britain appears to have been written by a woman, and it is a woman's account of her own experience that is the focus of the book. The author, Dr. Margaret MacLure, is a senior lecturer in the Department of Education at the University of Cambridge. She has been involved in postgraduate education for many years, and her book is a reflection of her own experience. The book is written in a clear, accessible style, and it is a valuable contribution to the literature on postgraduate education in Britain.

Bestiality in Men & Women

[illegible]

References

to appear in an advertisement that reads: "I'm a woman, and I'm a lesbian. I'm a lesbian, and I'm a woman." The ad is a play on the words "woman" and "lesbian," which are often used interchangeably. The ad is a play on the words "woman" and "lesbian," which are often used interchangeably.

Page 34

In writing, think about your own personal goals and interests. Do you have any hobbies or interests that you would like to explore in your writing? Do you have any specific topics or subjects that you are passionate about? Do you have any specific goals or objectives that you want to achieve through your writing? Do you have any specific questions or topics that you want to explore in your writing? Do you have any specific questions or topics that you want to explore in your writing?

REAL MEN

MEN IN ACTION

GIVE A GANE A GUN AND SHE'S A KILLA.....by Ray Martin
The standards of Sabotage were order takers than France's famous Foreign Legion—and death was too.....page 14

THE CURSE OF THE JUNGLE TREASURE.....by Michael DeCrescenzo
Her centuries' man had died trying to get the gold. Finding it was a touch, living long enough to enjoy it was impossible.....page 22

WHIP HIM TO ROBBERIES.....by Luke Ballouard
But before you do that—get the girl first.....page 32

SCHOOL

HE BET HIS BARE IN A POKER GAME—AND LOST!.....by William Feakbody
It was the strongest stake he had ever played for, but one look at Vera and who was he to complain?.....page 38

"I WENT TO BED WITH A LIZ—JUST TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S LIKE".....by Karen Del-
I always thought I was straight, until my husband had to go on a trip for a week.....page 44

FEATURE

SEX HUNGRY WOMEN—WHERE TO FIND THEM.....by Grace Cheesing
It's so obvious you probably never even thought of it. But lucky for you it's never too late to learn.....page 50

OFF TOP

BOOKEND	8
MIMI ALONE	13
MIDWINTER MEN	14

A REAL MAN'S WOMAN

MAPLE LEAF	8
ORIST THE DAWN	24

FEBRUARY 1971
VOLUME 1-6, NUMBER 8

THEODORE S. HECHT
Editor

GREG JACKSON
Associate Editor
ALAN CORREY
Editorial Assistant
FRANCIS NEWSON

Art Director
KATHERINE JAMES
Asst. Art. Director
EMILIA SANCHEZ
Art Associate
JOHN PARKER
Art Associate

MATTHEW P. FLOUREY
Circulation Dir.

REAL MEN, Volume 16 Number 8, February 1971, is published monthly by STRENGTH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 200 17th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011. Circulation postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. Copyright 1971 by STRENGTH PUBLICATIONS, INC. This magazine may not be used for any commercial purpose without the express written consent of the publisher. All material printed in this magazine is copyrighted and printed, which will not be reprinted without permission by a third party. All editorial material, including the editorial page, is considered manuscript in acceptance unless the publisher has been notified in writing. Send any correspondence, including address changes, to REAL MEN, 200 17th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011. Printed in New York, U.S.A.



CIE Cleveland Institute of Electronics
1776 E. 17th St., Cleveland, Ohio 44114

Please send me 2 FREE books describing opportunities in Electronics and how to prepare for them.

Name _____ Age _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Veterans & Servicemen: check here for G.I. Bill information
Accredited Member National Home Study Council

MO 37



Are you stuck in dull, low pay work? The coupon above can change your life

Mail it right now for 2 FREE BOOKS about today's fantastic Electronics boom, and how you can earn up to \$12,000 a year by cashing in on it.

IF YOU'RE TRAPPED in a job with no future—plugging away at dull, routine work for penny-ante pay—here is your chance to do something about it.

Just mail the coupon above and we'll send you, FREE, two books that can start you on the road to a rewarding new career. A career you can be proud of. One where you'll do exciting work. And one that can pay you the kind of money that many men only dream of.

Thousands of career openings like this

exist right now in America's hottest growth industry—Electronics. It's an industry where you can take your pick of literally scores of different "glamor jobs"—in broadcasting, automation, the aerospace program, and many other areas. And it's an industry where, once you have some experience under your belt, you can earn up to \$3, \$6, \$7 an hour...\$200, \$225, \$250 a week...\$10,000, \$11,000, \$12,000 a year.

You don't need college training to break in. Our free books will show you how you can prepare right at home in your spare time. And they'll show you, too, how we can help you land the "dream job" of your choice.

So why delay? Mail the coupon above for your two FREE books today.

TOM McCAHILL SAYS:

"A great toehold on success is learning to fix these things."

If you're wondering how to better a money bank account, I recommend a great way to work your way out of the Redlands. As my homemaker will tell you, a washing machine that won't wash or a refrigerator that won't refrigerate is just as frustrating as seeing your mother-in-law in a shop coat. What's worse, when it comes to fixing up a guy with the know-how to get things right, chances are you'll cool your heels for hours—over there—because good appliance repairmen in your neck of the woods have more business than they can handle.

With a couple of cheap appliances in every man's world, there just aren't enough well-trained repairmen to take care of the demand. These days, with money from Uncle Sam to spare, I know getting the word on you for financial help, people aren't about to throw out a four-wheeled machine or even a twenty-dollar toaster if it can be fixed for a few bucks. Yet, today's complicated appliances call for special know-how the average Joe can't acquire without training.

Fortunately, there is a quick and easy way for any ambitious man to get the training he needs and start along on his to do his own in his spare time, or even save more than that repairing his own appliances. It's a grant, low-cost home study plan offered by the Appliance Division of National Radio Institute—one of the biggest, oldest and best-known schools in the field of home education.

The course shows you all about repairing a greater full of home appliances (including air conditioning and refrigeration equipment), as well as commercial appliances, small gas engines, power tools, even special appliances used on farms. The cost of training is amazingly low. Two spare time automatic washer repair jobs could just about pay the total tuition.

And the way NRI trains you, you don't need the memory of an elephant to handle the different kinds of jobs you'll be faced with as a repairman. You don't even need to know the first thing about electricity or appliances when you begin your training. NRI's expert at home methods and the constant on-job, personal help of its large staff make this one of the easiest and most rewarding fields a guy can enter.



If you think you'd like to find out more about a field that's hotter than the handle of a thirty cent, all it takes is a postage stamp. Fill out the coupon below and NRI will send you its free Appliance Repair catalog. Read about the training that can give you a sure toehold on success. Through spare time courses or a full-time business of your own, air conditioning or the rest of the course by showing you how to repair your own appliances. No admission is going to bother you. NRI doesn't employ them. There is no obligation—except to yourself.

Tom McCahill

APPLIANCE REPAIR MAN IN FULL

If you would like to know more, fill in below
or cut it out and mail it to NRI today

NAME: _____
2220 Wisconsin Avenue, Washington, DC 20007

OK—I want to see for myself. Send me the free book on Professional Appliance Repair.
No. No salesman will call.

☐ Check for facts on your own. U.S. P. 22-201

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Authorized Member National Home Study Council

YOU TRAIN AT HOME THE MODERN WAY WITH A CASSETTE TAPE PLAYER!

In addition to your choice of one of the major Computer languages — FORTRAN, COBOL, RPG, or SAS — you get (and keep) a cassette tape player through which every lesson is presented as a lecture. This is the modern way to learn. What CTI has done for thousands of other ambitious men, it can do for you too. But the first step must be yours. Send for your **FREE BOOK** now.



IF YOU'RE EARNING LESS THAN \$200 A WEEK Step Up to Big Money as a Computer Programmer

Skilled men are desperately needed in Computer Programming. Over 20,000 must be trained each year. If you are 18 or over and want an exciting, big pay future in this dynamic field, CTI home training is for you! Get the facts that can put more money in your pockets — fast! Use the coupon to send for the free CTI book—**NOW!**



APPROVED FOR GI TRAINING

If you served 1960 January 31-1965 or are in service check off box to qualify



MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

COMMERCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE
1400 Sherman Avenue • Chicago, IL 60601 • (312) 461-1000
Department of Computer Programming

COMMERCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE

1400 Sherman Avenue • Chicago, IL 60601 • (312) 461-1000
Department of Computer Programming

Please send me all the facts, immediate details on CTI training in **COMPUTER PROGRAMMING**

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Phone _____

☐ Check for facts on GI Bill

☐ How much money for GI Bill
will be used to cover my course
fees. How many months will
this course last? What are my
fees?

☐ Can I take more
courses after this one?

☐ How long?

☐ Salary or earnings at

end of instruction

☐ Check if

☐ training



Build stronger arms the easy way with "lead--weighted" **power**TM bracelets

Beautifully designed, ruggedly handsome, Lead™ Leather
adjuster bracelets. Wear at work, at play and quietly gain
muscle on your arms.

Athletes have always used wrist weights to tone and develop
muscles... but these aren't "dumbly designed" gym-type affairs.
Now they've been given a striking jewelry look... so you
can wear them anytime... work, play, exercise or just
relaxing... with pride! It's remarkable how your
muscles respond... growing stronger, fitter!
Lead weights have antique gold tone studs in
golden leather.

~~\$75.00~~ per pair

Plus \$20.00

© 1988 Sports Illustrated, Inc.
135 Park Avenue East
New York, NY 10003

DELORON PRODUCTIONS, INC. DEPT. 09-13A
135 Park Avenue East New York, N. Y. 10003

Cardholder

Please Print the _____ last

Mail Enclosed — \$69.00 per pair (plus \$20.00)

Please add \$5.00 per pair for shipping and handling

I enclose \$_____ total

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Get Copy Enclosed and we'll bill you later. Don't Approve this Order Yet.

DEBONAIR



Without any app on your phone, you can stream, watch and get them for the lowest price! We have got you in all shapes and sizes. We've got you swimming, taking it a good pumping and taking through the woods, having a great night in the hammock and just taking control of your own life at home. There's the one, there's the other, the one and the other.

ALL MAN

A leading magazine just asked to what you like to look at most. What else—gold? All our elegantly tailored, well-tailored and priced exactly the way you prefer to see them—will find a showing for the greatest in the fashion. It will have along with the best and most



Pleasure

What's your ultimate life idea? Innovations are everywhere! What's new in the 21st century is something like this to achieve your life goal:

- Play on basic moral virtues by being a big man in a big company, making multimillion-dollar profit and share prices rise. Everything is geared to achieve this to report to each other and look on. No big unethical anything. Or else, another career investment and keep your own job. That's not the best advantage of the great effort to find business in the world today.



Reprints: Psychology Dept., Box 2431, York Univ., North York, Ont. M3J 1P3, Canada.

SPECIAL OFFER
FOR NINE BIG ISSUES OF GIBSON
+
NINE TREMENDOUS ISSUES OF ALL MAN
+
NINE COPIES OF MAN'S PLEASURE
MAN'S TWENTY SEVEN (COUNT EM) ISSUES
IN ALL
DELIVERED RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR
ALL FOR ONLY \$17.95

MAGAZINE PRICED IN
PLAIN BRASS LETTERS

NAME _____ ACP _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(Number and Street-Name Route)

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

I enclose \$5.00 for total copies of ☒ DISCOUNT ☐ DISCOUNT

I enclose \$5.00 for NEW copies of ☒ ALL MAN ☐ ALL MAN

I enclose \$5.00 for NEW copies of ☒ BARK PLEASURE ☐ BARK PLEASURE

I enclose \$10.00 for a full subscription to _____

only TWO magazines (Please check magazines desired) ☐

I enclose \$17.00 (Please list my subscription _____)

to all THREE great magazines DISCOUNT ☐

1000

MILITARY MEN . . . YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD AT
NATIONAL DIAMOND SALES
 . . . on these GENUINE DIAMOND rings!



The Captain \$225



The Major \$225



The Colonel \$245



The Duke \$255



The General \$275



The Infantry \$265



The Sergeant \$285



The Staff Sergeant \$285



The Captain \$295



NATIONAL DIAMOND SALES 460 15th Street, Building 24th Street

Please Send Sales to Me

My Name Last First Middle Initial Suffix
 (Please Print Name for Mail) (Please Print Name for Mail) (Please Print Name for Mail)

I am buying ☐ The Captain ☐ The Major ☐ The Colonel ☐ The Duke ☐ The General ☐ The Infantry ☐ The Sergeant ☐ The Staff Sergeant

My Address Street City State Zip

Quantity and any options

APR - May _____ Date _____ Day _____

Order by _____ at _____ price

Order form by _____

Your Home Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Occupation or Title or Status _____

Other Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send Billings to ☐ Yes ☐ No ☐ Payment in full

APR - May _____

NAJCS-1/73

- *NO INTEREST OR CARRYING CHARGES
- *NO MONEY DOWN
- *15 DAY FREE TRIAL
- *LIFETIME GUARANTEE

THANK YOU FOR
 \$10.00 Free Monthly
 or \$20.00 Monthly

For more information
 send money to
 NATIONAL DIAMOND SALES
 460 15th Street
 Building 24th Street

Any money in the bank
 is yours when you order
 this ring. Send us money to
 receive \$10.00 or \$20.00

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS TO: NATIONAL DIAMOND SALES, 460 15th Street, Building 24th Street, Fort Worth, Texas 76102

A million jobs have disappeared since 1960...shouldn't you start your own business...now...while still employed?

Before more jobs disappear through mergers, automation, and mechanization, shouldn't you at least investigate the way in which so many men have become owners of profitable businesses—starting in spare time—and independent of jobs, bosses, strikes, layoff and automation? All that's needed is your name on the coupon. Facts mailed free. No salesman will call.

Here are the facts: With a little ambition and energy and less than \$1000 cash you can start your own Duraclean business in your spare time, without risking your present job or paycheck! This is a nationally known and accepted business, but one that does not require special skills, more than average education, or any traits except ambition, and the willingness to work hard to gross as much as \$9.00 an hour for the service you render.

What is this business that offers so much opportunity for so little? It is a service by which YOU supply the public—home-owners as well as offices and stores and shops—a new and improved method of cleaning carpets and upholstered furniture right on the customer's premises—THE EXCLUSIVE DURACLEAN SYSTEM!

If you have ever had your own carpet or furniture cleaned, you know that the ordinary methods soak the carpets with water and detergents, then grind the fibers with harsh machine scrubbing, leaving the carpet soggy for days.

The exclusive DURACLEAN ABSORPTION PROCESS lifts out dirt and greasy soil with a gentle, almost dry foam. Laboratory tests show that it removes twice as much dirt as any other method and restores the resiliency of the carpet fibers. Because there is no soaking, carpets and furniture can be used again in a few hours! This is vitally important to stores, shops, offices and motels.

Although in time you will wish to buy a truck from your profits, no truck or office is needed to start. You can carry all equipment in your car trunk—and your customer phone calls can be received at home. No shop is needed as work is done at the customer's premises.

As a DURACLEAN Dealer you are the sole owner of an independent business and your own boss. You keep all the net profits for yourself. However, the franchise we supply gives you instant recognition in your area. You operate under a nationally known name—use an exclusive process recommended by the nation's biggest carpet manufacturers and commended by Parents Magazine. You get thorough training BEFORE YOU BEGIN and, as you progress, you receive guidance and help from Duraclean International.

Your training shows you how to perform the cleaning service—plus five other services which bring extra profits. You also are trained in all phases of running your business, including how to get customers, how to control your expenses, and how to make the maximum profit. From your first job, you can expect to gross \$9.00 for each hour



of service you do personally! If you hire service men at \$3.00 an hour to help you, you can have \$6.00 for yourself for each hour of service they perform. (See the column at right for actual statements from other men who have accepted the Duraclean opportunity.)

Here is a business that can pay you far more per week than the average man now earns—with only the talent and ambition you now possess. Here is a business you can operate in any one of three ways—or progress from one to another. Some men operate permanently in spare time for the extra money they need. Some start in spare time and quit their jobs only after they see that they can make a lot more money than their present pay by putting in full time as a Duraclean Specialist. Still others develop the business to the point where the service work is done by hired employees while the owner makes a substantial profit on each hour an employee works. The Duraclean Business can be kept as small as you want it to be or it can be expanded to any level your ambition dictates. There is no limit on annual income for an ambitious man who will follow our proven plans.

We are about to appoint a limited number of men who are truly ambitious, and anxious to do something about their futures. We want men who are willing to follow our proven plans for success and who want—with our help—their own independent, successful businesses.

If this opportunity interests you, please send your name, on the coupon at the right, for a FREE 24 page booklet which gives complete details on the Duraclean business and shows how you can start in spare time for less than \$1000. No salesman will call on you, now or ever. After you've read the facts, decide in the privacy of your own home if you wish to take the next step toward starting a business.

WE SWITCHED!

"For the first time in 20 years I've got security—without fear of losing my factory job. I gross about \$6.50 an hour on the job." **H. E. Ohio**

"I took in \$280 in April. I worked from my home. My wife handles all telephone calls. We both enjoy our new-found independence and the compliments we get from satisfied customers." **J.F.A. Texas**

"In our first calendar year we did a gross of \$40,000. Without constant help from the Duraclean home office such growth would not have been possible." **M. L., Illinois**

"Duraclean brought security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as \$3000 on a single job." **B. B., Mass.**

"Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as \$1300.00 in a single week." **J.S., Fla.**

"My biggest day was a society house that brought me \$260.00." **H. B., Texas**

THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE LETTERS IN OUR FILES FROM MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE FOUND SUCCESS AS DURACLEAN DEALERS. IN ANOTHER YEAR YOUR STATEMENT COULD BE HERE, TOO!

Duraclean® International



1-H92 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Illinois 60015

Duraclean International
1-H92 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

WITHOUT OBLIGATION send me the free booklet which shows me how I can start a Duraclean business in my spare time without risking my job. No salesman is to call.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State & Zip _____

SCOREBOARD

WINNING PARTY

In Middletown, Connecticut, a new election was ordered by the state labor relations board after the hotel union protested that just before the election, the firm gave a whopping beer party for all employees.

CAUTION COPS

In Grand Junction, Colorado, a stolen new police car drove into a municipal parking lot on a routine assignment. They slowly cruised around as the driver checked the left side and his companion checked the right. They crashed head-on into a telephone pole.

RETURN STAMP

In Indianapolis, holdup man Kenneth Burville, 31, was easily captured after he stole \$100, a wristwatch and a ring from a druggist. He ordered a passing motorist to drive down Ball-Fortaine Street, and remarked as he jumped out of the car, "I live down here, at 1222."

TOO APPRENT

In Wiles River, Ontario, after the town council kicked out the Chief of Police, Mayor Albert Bell revealed that the chief had charged one council member with supplying liquor to stores, and had beaten another member for violating a dog by-law. Mayor Bell, in explaining the council's action, stated, "The council feels the chief has shown lack of cooperation."

PLANE ANGLE

In San Francisco, three teen-age boys confessed to FBI agents that they had phoned a news team reporting a South American-bought Pan American plane for three hours, because they wanted more time to bid tender farewell to a blonde, vacationing girl passenger.

WITHOUT DREAM

In the Bronx, New York, after bookkeeper Sylvia Youngerman went to a bank for a \$5,000 payroll and to a restaurant for an order-up, a thief confronted her, snatched a sack out of her hands--and fled with the contents of coffee.

RE-ANCHOR BOOKFORMS

In Brisbane, Australia, customs men pruned an copies of a book called "To See Or Murderers," only to discover that it was the memoirs of an English editor whose paper went to prison on Thursday nights.

RAIL STOP

In Bangorville, Connecticut, the police, mounting a long line of booking materials, found Samuel Perry, 33, at the head of it. He was halted at a stop sign, fast asleep and oblivious to everything around him.

STAMPED OUT

In Katsura Village, Japan, local postmaster Seigaku Higashimura, 35, short of government funds and faced with a visit by inspectors, burned down the post office.



MAKE BIG MONEY OPERATE HEAVY EQUIPMENT

PUT
YOURSELF
IN THE
DRIVER'S
SEAT!

• CRANES • DRAGLINES • CLAMSHELLS
• SCRAPERS • BULLDOZERS • LOADERS
• TRENCHERS • GRADERS • BACKHOES

TRAINED OPERATORS
ARE IN DEMAND!

Now NOW is operate with
moving equipment! The Construction Industry is booming! You can
earn big money in this fast moving, unregulated field. Universal Heavy
Construction Schools has you here at home or in the Service—in your
spare time—followed by practical training at school owned facilities.
Write for FREE information today. Don't delay!

Universal Heavy 1982



CONTRACTORS

Universal Heavy Construction Schools
Operating schools in your area



NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF MANUFACTURERS

UNIVERSAL HEAVY CONSTRUCTION SCHOOLS, Dept. M&O
1001 N.W. 7 Street, Miami, Fla. 33125

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Age _____ Phone _____

**MAPLE
LEAF**











Marie Cognat is a young lovely from Toronto who has a real problem—she hates hockey! And in Canada, that's a serious crime!

